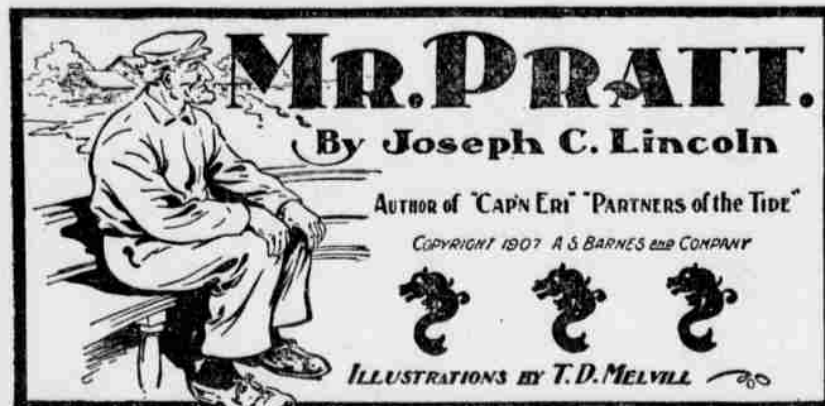




"Is He All Alone There, the Poor Sick Man?"



SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick, Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the orphan proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rented it from Scudder and called it Ozone Island. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone Island. In another storm Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped being wrecked, having aboard chickens, pigs, etc., with which they were to start a farm. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming compensation as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Hartley was so sunburned that you couldn't have told if he did blush. But he acted nervous and uneasy.

"It was nothing," he said. "I knew the youngsters liked such things, and the stuff you get here isn't eatable. Then James is a success, Miss Talford, you say?"

But he didn't get off quite as easy as that. Agnes looked up surprised and, I thought, pleased.

"That you, Mr. Hartley," she said. "It was kind of you, and very thoughtful."

Of course the Talford girl thanked him, too. He acted a good deal like he wished he hadn't come.

But I guess that feeling wore off after a while. It seemed to me that Miss Page was considerably pleasanter to him than I'd seen her yet. She talked to him more and there wasn't so much of that chilly "hands-off" kind of manner in her voice. Two or three times they seemed almost friendly, as you might say, and toward the end of the day Hartley's blueness, that was always with him when she was in sight, had pretty nearly disappeared. He seemed quite happy, for him—not his usual careless, don't-care kind of jollity, either.

One thing that I think Agnes noticed was the way the boy, Reddy, stuck to him. You could see that the little chap's idea of a first-class brick was Martin Hartley. And another sure thing was that Reddy was the Page girl's favorite. She was always running after him to see what he was doing that he didn't get hurt, or such like. One time when she'd gone on this kind of an errand, and the Twins and Miss Talford and me was left together, I spoke up and says:

"That small fire top is considerable on Miss Agnes' mind, ain't he?"

Margaret Talford laughed. "He's the apple of her eye," says she. "She fairly worships him. I'm sure I don't know why, for he's the worst mischief-maker in the school. But Agnes' sympathy seems to run to the black sheep. Were you a black sheep, Mr. Van Brunt?"

Van shook his head, very solemn. "I was," says he, "but the cleansing influence of the Natural Life has removed the upper coating. You can see that she doesn't find it necessary to run after me. I flatter myself that I'm rapidly becoming—what is it that our new cook sings, skipper? Oh, yes!

adgety. "I think probably I did. I don't remember."

"I thought not," says she. "Now you must permit me to pay it to you. The boy is under my charge and I shall insist upon it."

He was pretty short and sharp, I thought. "No, really," he said, "I've forgotten the affair entirely. No doubt I've been paid already. It was nothing, of course, and the boy was plucky and I took a fancy to him."

She insisted, but he wouldn't give in. At last she says, looking hard at him:

"I think," she says, "that your simple life is doing a great deal for you. You have improved in many ways. I have heard things—good things—about you that surprised me. I'm very glad."

He didn't answer. Just then the valet brought the carriage up to the door and 'twas time to say good-by.

I was pretty tickled with the day's work, take it altogether. Eureka got after me soon as we was back to the island, and she asked a couple of ton of questions. She wanted to know all about the school and especially about the Page girl and her chum.

"You ain't told me all you know," says she, finally. "Tell the rest of it. What relation is this Agnes Page to Mr. Hartley?"

I said she wasn't no relation. At last, sort of in self-defense, I told the whole yarn about the engagement—Van's engagement, I mean.

She bobbed her head. "I thought so," says she. "I don't care if Mr. Van Brunt is engaged to the Page one. He ain't in love with her. And Mr. Hartley is."

"What are you talking about?" says I, soon's I could get my breath.

"Just what I said. He's in love with Miss Page. And I'm going to help him get her."

"Humph!" says I. "You be, hey? Well, how about poor Van? What do you want to shove him out into the cold for? He ain't done anything to you, has he?"

She shook her sunbonnet and looked wise. "That's all right," she says. "I've got my ideas about him, too. Anyway I'm going to help Mr. Hartley."

I thought and thought. And then, without exactly meaning to, I spoke my thought out loud.

"I believe I'll help you help him," says I.

She wasn't a bit surprised. "Humph!" she says. "That's no news. You've been trying to help him for ever so long."

What do you think of that? There wasn't anything slow or dull about that Sparrow girl—not enough to fret yourself over, there wasn't.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Lawn Fete.

It was August now. The nice weather held out right along and one day on Ozone Island was a good deal like the next.

And yet it seemed to me that there was little changes. For instance, take the matter of reading. When we first arrived 'twas nothing but that Natural Life book; the Heavenly Twins was at it continuous, and such a thing as a newspaper or magazine was what Van Brunt called an "abomination." I couldn't get a paper even to kindle fire with; had to use poverty grass for that. But now the Natural Life sermon laid on the dining room mantel piece most of the time, with a layer of dust on it, and Scudder fetched the Boston and New York newspapers every day. And magazines and books begun to come in the mail.

I remember one day Hartley set reading the New York Evening Post, that part of it he called the "financial page." All at once he spoke.

"By Jove! Van," he says. "Consolidated Tea Lead is up three points from last week's quotations. There must be something doing."

Van looked at him, kind of sad and disappointed.

"Martin," says he, "are you falling from grace? Get these behind me, Satan. Give me that financial sheet."

Hartley laughed and tossed it over. "There!" says his chum, crumpling it up and shoving it into his pocket. "That disturbing influence is out of the way. Let us discuss the simple and satisfying subject of agriculture. There is an article on 'The Home Garden' in this month's number of The Rural Gentleman, which should be instructive to our friend Mr. Pratt, plover of sea and soil. Skipper, lend me your ears. I'll return them shortly."

Then he commenced to read that magazine piece out loud to me, very solemn, and stopping every once in a while to chuck in some ridiculous advice on his own account. This had got to be a regular thing. Every bit of farm news I had to hear. The garden was Van's pet joke.

"What," says he, when the reading was done, "is the latest crop bulletin, Sol?"

"I have the honor to report," says I, "that from the present outlook we'll have two cornstalks, one to-morrow vine and three cucumber plants really in sight by to-morrow morning. That is, if the sand don't blow in and cover 'em up in the night."

"Good!" he says. "I move that the report be accepted. Martin, don't let me see you wasting your time on the frivolity of the street when there are such serious matters to claim our attention."

Which was all right, only that very afternoon I saw him, himself, out behind the barn, reading that Post financial page and looking mighty interested.

They were more anxious to be doing things than when they first came. Hartley's health was improving all the time, and that probably accounted for his liveliness. I took 'em sailing

most every day and they wanted to fish and shoot and the like of that.

Once we went on a cruise after shore birds. I bagged a few, but the Twins couldn't hit a flock of balloons with a cannon, so they didn't have no luck. But a little later Van went out alone with Nate Scudder and I'll be blessed if he didn't come back with a dozen peep and ring-necks. Then the way he crowded over me and Martin was scandalous, till, a week later, Hartley himself went gunning with Nate and fetched home 15, bigger and better than his chum's. And after this, of course, 'twas nothing but what a great hunter Scudder was, and rubbing it into me.

The hotel boarders and the town folks was mighty interested in the Ozone islanders by this time. The picnic boats from the Old Comfort house generally sailed close to our point to give the passengers a chance to look our outfit over. Sometimes the boats stopped, and then the Twins would take an observation from an upstairs window, and if they liked the looks of the crowd, would come down and keep what they called "open house."

"Open house" always meant more work for Eureka and me. Lucky for us, 'twas pretty seldom that the Heavenlies liked their callers' looks well enough to open up.

The Baptist minister and his wife came over to call. There was going to be a "lawn fete and sale" at the church pretty soon, and the idea was to get the Twins to "donate" something. Van Brunt was full of his high jinks that day, and he took that poor parson and his wife in tow.

First he carted 'em out to the hen-yard. He paraded up and down in front of the coops, pointing out the scraggly Plymouth Rocks as if they was some kind of freaks, like ostriches. He said they ate a bag of corn a day and laid one egg a week, so he figured that every egg was worth five dollars or so. What did the parson think of a donation of half a dozen of them eggs?

"Not to eat, you understand," says Van; "but as rarities, as curiosities."

The minister was a young fellow, not long out of college, and pretty straight-laced. But he had some fun in him.

"If I might suggest," he says, "I think one of the hens themselves would be more acceptable and profitable. Among our summer people there is a great demand for 'antiques.' Now one of those hens—"

That tickled Van. He told Hartley afterwards that the minister was a trump. He donated liberal—not with eggs nor poultry neither—and promised that he and Hartley would attend the sale.

And they did. And so did Eureka and me. The lawn fete was held in the meeting house front yard, and 'twas all rigged up fine with flags and tissue paper and bunting. There was a grab bag and a cake table and a fancy goods table, and I don't know what all. All the summer folks was there, and most of the town women and girls, and the prices charged for things would have been highway robbery if it hadn't been a church that was charging 'em.

The Heavenlies bought and bought and bought. They bought everything—the foolishest things. Van bought three pair of embroidered suspenders and a crocheted tidy and a pin cushion, and Martin got a worsted afghan and a hand-painted soft pillow, so fresh that the paint come off on your hands when you touched it. And 'twasn't any quiet colored paint neither. And when you rubbed off one layer there was another underneath. Lucretia Daniels' daughter had painted it; she was taking lessons and her ma said that she'd painted that pillow over much as a dozen times, because the colors wasn't "blending right" or the subject didn't suit her. 'Twasn't so stiff with paint on top that 'twould have been like ramming your head into fence to lay on it.

We stayed till most everything was sold but a log cabin bed quilt that the Christian paupers at the poor-house had made. Nobody seemed to want that, although they was gay rags enough in it to build a rainbow. The minister's wife said she was so sorry. The poor things at the almshouse had worked so hard.

"You wait a minute," says Van. "I'll get rid of it."

He took out his vest pocket memorandum book and tore about ten pages into little squares. Then he made numbers on these squares with a pencil. Half of these he put into his hat, and the next I knew, he was standing on a chair, waving the bedquilt with one hand and the hat with 't'other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Cure a Hopeless Heartache. I must go to some place where I can't take the first train back; where I won't live through the day expecting a letter from you. It isn't easy in these times for anybody to be really "out of reach." When we all know that we've only to go to the nearest telegraph office for news, we can't know what it would be like utterly to lose someone—unless death teaches us. The nearest approach to the sort of thing I mean—this side of Kingdom Come—is the Klondike. From "Come and Find Me," by Elizabeth Robins.

The Eagle.

Two Irishmen stood peering up at a new flag pole, in the public square, remarking the bright bronzed ball surmounted by a large bird at the top. Suddenly, before their very eyes, this bird, which had been only resting there, took wing and flew over their heads.

The Irishmen started. "Begob, Moike," then ejaculated one, "they flogot t' nail th' eagle down!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

PAUL AT ICONIUM AND LYSTRA

Sunday School Lesson for May 16, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 14:1-28. Memory verses 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"All the gods of the nations are idols; but the Lord made the heavens."—Psalm 96:5.

TIME.—Immediately after the last lesson. Perhaps in the autumn of A. D. 47.

PLACE.—Lycaonia, in southern Galatia. Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, with a return to Antioch and Perga, and thence to Antioch in Syria.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

The greater the work a man endeavors to do, the greater the obstacles that he will meet, and the more numerous they will be. It is a principle of physics that resistance increases as the square of the velocity. Paul's work, like that of all true Christians, was very great, and therefore it encountered formidable obstacles.

But these hindrances were overcome, in Christ's strength; and the process of overcoming them strengthened Paul, as it will strengthen us. "A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none."—John Neal.

"A great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks (Jewish proselytes) believed;" but there were "unbelieving Jews" (R. V. "disobedient" to the truth), who prejudiced the Gentile populace against the missionaries by their calumnies. For this double reason ("therefore," v. 3) Paul and Barnabas remained at Iconium a "long time," probably several months, since (1) there were so many converts to be instructed in their new faith, and (2) that faith was evidently to be tried by severe opposition and would need to be strongly re-enforced by instruction. Finally, however, the hatred of the Jewish rulers and of the Gentiles whom they influenced (not the Gentile rulers, see v. 5) became so inflamed with the missionaries' bold speech and increasing success that a plot was formed to stone them as blasphemers. Getting knowledge of this, and mindful of Christ's command (Matt. 10:23) to flee from persecution, Paul and Barnabas escaped, going first to "Lystra," 18 miles south-southwest of Iconium, and then to the Derbe, 20 miles to the southeast of Lystra.

Stories of the gods coming down to man were common among the Greeks and other races. "Like distorted and obscure reflections in muddy water, they gave a blurred image of the great truth."—MacLaren. They show that Christ's coming was in response to a universal need. One of these tales was of the visit of Jupiter and Mercury to this very Lycaonia. The people thought them to be poor vagrants, refused to entertain them, ridiculed and maltreated them. At last they came to the hut of the poor peasants, Baucis and Philemon, who received them hospitably and entertained them with the best they had. In return, the gods transformed their hut into a glorious temple over which they were set as the chief ministers of worship, while the churlish neighbors were punished by a terrible flood which overwhelmed them. The statue of Jupiter stood before the gate of Lystra, and Ewald suggests that this story of Baucis and Philemon may have been recited year by year at the great festival in this temple.

They "persuaded the people." "Probably they influenced the multitudes to regard the miracle, the reality of which they could not dispute, as the work not of beneficent gods, but of evil demons."—Expos. Greek Testament. They raised a mob, which "stoned Paul," whose bold speech had centered hostility upon himself. What memories of the stoning of Stephen ten or eleven years before must have passed through Paul's mind! "Transformed into a howling mob, like those which even in Christian America shoot negroes, Chinamen and Italians, the quadrang worshippers left Paul ready, as they supposed, for the cremation fires or the vagrant dogs."—William Elliot Griffis, L. H. D. Perhaps, as the stoning of Stephen must have moved Paul toward Christianity, the stoning of Paul was the turning point in the life of Timothy. The young man may have been among "the disciples who stood round about him," to give what aid they could, and care for his body if he were really dead.

Note the sudden change in the feelings of the people toward Paul, and compare it with the revolution in the attitude of the people of Jerusalem toward Christ, from "Hosanna!" to "Crucify him!" Compare also the sudden change in the minds of the people of Malta, Acts 28:4-6. The lesson is "not to rate very highly human praise; not to be greatly depressed by human censure. Had Paul been desperately anxious to please Lystra, I fancy that that stoning would have killed him!"—Morrison.

How did the missionaries close the first missionary journey? Properly and wisely, with a report to the home church at Antioch in Syria, which had sent them forth.

This report was to the whole church, for all had a part in the work, and needed the stimulus of the report. Every member of the congregation should be in the missionary meeting. (2) It was a modest report, telling what "God had done with them," on their side, as an ally, and not recounting the achievements as their own. (3) It was an encouraging report, a report of progress, telling of the great forward step that had been taken, the admission of Gentiles into the church through "the door of faith," and no longer through the rite of circumcision.

PUBLIC STATEMENT

By a Public Official—County Treasurer of Granbury, Texas.

A. A. Perkins, County Treasurer of Granbury, Hood Co., Texas, says:

"Years ago a severe fall injured my kidneys. From that time I was bothered with a chronic lame back and disordered action of the kidneys helped to make life miserable for me. A friend suggested my using Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, with the most gratifying results. I made a public statement at the time, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, and am glad to confirm that statement now."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Last Chance.

"Why should I be married in a dress suit?"
"For two reasons. It's fashionable, and then you'll have a dress suit."

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight six eigs. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The harder it rains the more soft water we get.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial.

This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It cures female ill, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Shave in 5 Minutes
NO STROPPING NO HONING
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Promotes the growth of the hair. Prevents itching and dandruff. Never fails to restore Gray Hair and up. Established in St. Louis 46 years. Cures scalp diseases, a hair falling, 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water
W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 20-1909.

ST. LOUIS DIRECTORY
MAKE 235% PROFIT

Bayle's PEANUT VENDING Machines sell salted peanuts at 4c which cost you 12c per lb. Write Dept. K for particulars. GEO. A. BAYLE, St. Louis.

Your Eye Sight
We will properly and scientifically fit your eyes with proper glasses "By Mail," or if you are coming to St. Louis, come in our store, Spectacles 610 and up. Established in St. Louis 46 years. ALICE OPTICAL CO., 615 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

SEWER PIPE and DRAIN TILE
BLACKMER & POST PIPE COMPANY.
St. Louis, Mo. Write for catalog and prices. Mention this paper.

SAMSON ROOFING
ELASTIC RUBBER ROOFING
"Proven Best after 15 YEARS TEST."
Send for Samples and Prices. If your hardware or lumber dealer don't handle it—write ST. LOUIS ASPHALT CO., Manufacturers, Fully Guaranteed. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Something to Crow Over.
The MARQUETTE
The Largest Hotel in St. Louis, Mo., at Washington Ave. and 13th Street, five blocks north of Union Station. European Plan, \$1.50 up. Fire proof. Cafe under same management as the famous Tony Faust Cafe, Glacy & Watson Hotel Co. A hotel for your mother, wife and sister.

Deere Vehicles
"Stay on the Road"
Ask your dealer or JOHN DEERE BUGGY FACTORY, St. Louis
Send for Booklet, "Make-up of a Good Buggy" Mention this paper.